The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners. *"Montani Semper Liberi!"* *Andrew Price, Editor*

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West Virginia University,

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

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Bachelor's Hall.

John Finley was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, in 1797; died in 1866. After serving an apprenticeship as a tanner and currier, he went to Richmond, Indiana, of which place he was for a time mayor. He wrote many short poems, which appeared in the newspapers. One of these, Bachelor's Hall was for a long time attributed to Thomas Moore;

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's Hall? What a quare-looking place it is!
Keep me from sich all the days of my life!
Sure, but I think what a burning disgrace it is
Niver at all to be getting a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his taykettle over the fire;
Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight with the Squire.

There like a hog in a mortar-bed wallowing,
Awkward enough see him knading his dough;
Troth! if the bread he could ate without swallowing,
How it would favor his palate, you know?

His meal being over his table's left setting so;
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can!
But hunger returns—then he's fuming and fretting so,
Och! let him alone for a baste of a man.

Pots, dishes pans, and sich greasy commodities,
Ashes and pratie skins kiver the floor
His cupboard's a store-house of comical oddities,
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, then, he goes to bed shivering:
Niver the bit is the bed made at all!
He crapes, like a tarrapin, under the kivering:—
Bad luck to the picter of Bachelor's Hall.

POT POURRI.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

A young lady from one of the large towns of this State said that at her church they had the most delightful minister, even though he never preaches less than forty minutes. His voice was soft and well modulated and flowed so smoothly that his hearers could fall into a pleasant train of thought, and not to be disturbed until the sermon was over. Nearly everybody goes to sleep on the inside of his head at times as the preacher is going through the different phases of the sermon, and some old pillar of the church who seems to be listening so intently may be figuring what field of hay he had best cut on the morrow.

But these hot Sundays the folks who have distinguished themselves by actually sleeping through the sermon have their virtues recounted at many a dinner table. We have known men who never sleep so soundly as when Brother Dryasdust preaches from Romans 13: 11, "It is high time to awake out of sleep."

We have understood that many preachers who act as anesthetic on their congregations, have plumed themselves upon the fact that when St Paul preached far in the night a young man named Eutychus, who was sitting in the window, went to sleep and fell three stories to be miraculously restored to life by the apostle.

We take there is nothing in this incident to justify either the preachers in bringing on sleep, or the preachees in going to sleep. It was not recorded to justify men sitting bolt upright in church and indulging in sleep to the scandal of the neighborhood. Many preachers pad their sermons, taking delight in preaching a fixed time. They are often unmerciful, and should these hot days abate a few jots and tittles of the discourse and maybe what they did say would do more good.

THE NON-RESIDENT LAW.

A native of West Virginia whose residence is now in Virginia, but who calls his father's house in West Virginia "home," had his attention called to the new law requiring non-residents to pay a license of $25 a year to hunt in this State. He says the law applies to him, and that he never before had realized that he had lost any rights he ever possessed in his native State. He is fond of hunting and has kept his gun and equipments at his West Virginia home, and he is now wrestling with the problem presented by the new game law.

There is a peculiar feature about that law. When a hunter takes out a license he is entitled to hunt one year from the day he takes it out. The hunting season is from October 15 to December 15 for deer. The visiting hunter usually spends a few weeks each year in the mountains. If he takes his license out, say November 15th, this year, he can hunt a month this year and a month next year on the same license.

TWO OUTRAGES.

In Louisiana a physician was annoyed by a goat which belonged to an Italian, and he shot it. He became involved in a quarrel with five Italians over it, and was shot. That night in the summary style of the South the town turned out and hung them up on trees. The Italian Government now claims indemnity for their deaths, and the Northernern papers are inclined to reflect upon the South, and call lynching a custom peculiar to that section. Twice the government has been called upon to pay indeminty for the deaths of Italians at the hands of a mob, and when this occurs the North has a good right to grumble, though it never has the right to condemn the South as a whole for the action of mobs in certain localities.

Nothing that ever happened in the South, however, can compare in the horror of its details with what occurred in Cleveland, a Northern city, a few days after the Louisiana outrage. The city was in a turmoil over the street-car strike, and dynamite was placed on the track of a street-car line. A car on which were eighteen people was wrecked, four killed and all hurt. The anger of a Southern mob directed against a man who whom they believe guilty of horrible crime can be understood in a measure, but indiscriminate fury of men against perfectly innocent people is past finding out.

THE HIDDEN DANGER.

He thought he saw a kissing-bug
Descending from a tree,
He looked again and saw it was
A common bumble bee.
"Ah, you can do your worst," he said,
"You hold no fears for me."

He thought he saw a kissing-bug
Come sailing through the room;
He got into a corner
And armed him with a broom.
He killed it dead and found it was
A honey-suckle bloom.

He thought he heard a kissing-bug
A-beating on the pane,
He left his bed at twelve o'clock,
And slept out in the rain,
When morning came the thing was gone
But his escape was plain.

He thought he saw a kissing-bug
One hot oppressive night,
Come flying through the window,
And flutter round the light;
He slew it with a palm-leaf fan—
A dobson (helgramite.)

He thought he saw a kissing-bug
A-setting on his trunk,
He took a heavy bit of wood
And killed it with the chunk,
And as it fell he knew it was
An ordinary skunk.

He saw a nice young dandy give
His daughter Jane a hug,
He rushed out in the twilight
And hit him in the mug,
And turning to his child exclaimed
"It is a kissing-bug!"

THREE PRESIDENTS.

While Mr Cleveland was President he spent one summer at the White Sulphur. He made the acquaintance of a warm supporter, a Greenbrier Democrat named Lynch. One of Lynch's neighbors came to the White Sulphur and was introduced to the President by Lynch. Lynch remarked: "It is not often you see three presidents together."

"How's that?" asked Cleveland.

"Why," said Lynch, 'I'm President of the Board of Education, my friend here is President of the County Court, and you're President of the United States."

THOUGHTS FOR ENERGETIC YOUTH.

SECOND PAPER.

In a previous article the attempt was made to show that owing to the strange state of affairs in business relations the greatest of pending and future questions will be how is a living to be made?

Making a living, after all, is all all that any person can do, or get out of this life, no difference how laboriously such may work, or however much he or she may worry and be careful about many things. Now is a good time, in face of the portentous question how to make a living, to settle the query, what and how many are the actual necessities of life? Now in the writer's opinion these are just four and no more: food, clothing, fuel, and shelter.

The average industrious man in humble circumstances eats more and enjoys his eating better than the average person in good circumstances. This is always the case if the person in good circumstances, so-called, is a brain worker,—as he most commonly is.

It was some years ago when a a poor farmer's son was sent on an errand to the home of a rich banker. When he reached the home he found the banker and his family at their breakfast and he was invited to join in the repast. When he returned he remarked in surprise: "Why, they had nothing to eat but plain bread and butter, oatmeal and coffee." The errand-boy evidently thought the banker was a very stingy man, being a poor farmer's son and one of a large family of children. So the contrast between the breakfast table of his own home and that of the rich banker caused him to turn up his nose in sniffing contempt of stinginess.

But in the course of time that boy looks at the matter in a different light, and he is prepared to reason in this way: Enough clothing for comfort is enough. No person in his right mind ever wears more than one suit at a time. Ready-made articles of clothing of good material are extremely cheap, and they keep out cold just as well as tailor-made costing two or three times the money. Both are stitched on the same kind of machines, and so there is no difference in the make-up. And we can reason the same way about fire. Enough heat for comfort is enough. No sensible rich person roasts himself or swelters in rooms heated seven times hotter than is comfortable, just to show people what he can afford to spend in fuel and heating appliances. With the billionaire as well as his poorer neighbor enough heat for comfort is enough.

As to the shelter, the fourth actual necessity, it matters not how many rooms he may have in his house, he occupies only one at a time. Physical, moral, and spiritual health do not depend on many-roomed dwellings. Such houses are sometimes called woman-killers. The fact is the fewer the rooms the sweeter and better the family life. Quite a wealthy man, and at the same time a very laborious and diligent person in business, was congratulated on his success in making a living somewhat in these terms, "You ought to be a very happy man."

He, in reply to the compliment, asked this pertinent question: "Would you be willing to do all that you see me doing for your board and clothes?"

"No, indeed; of course I would not."

"Well, that is all I get."

Now, when the friendly reader comes to think over what thus passed between these persons, he perceives that is all any one of us ever gets, no matter how hard we may work and worry. From the state of affairs pointed out in the first article, it is all important that every person should realize these homely, common-sense truths, for the time is passing and will soon be past when ninety-nine young men out of a hundred can have any reasonable hope of ever "getting rich." The ideal condition for the ninety and nine now is the ability to make a living and at the same time be independent, or, in other words, be their own masters.

No employe is or can be his own master in the highest and best sense, for his time is not his own, having been sold for service. In one sense this service may be for the sake of the loved ones at home, or those otherwise dependent on the one trying to make a living. In another sense, the employe works for his employer, and as the present and prospective conditions of the labor market grow harder and harder, he is more and more at his employer's mercy. All this coming about, too, because of the universal demand on the part of buyers and consumers for cheap and cheaper products. W. T. P.

Cannon Farrar on Wealth.

"There is no sin in the winning of wealth; no sin in the possession of wealth; but there is sin—sin which benumbs all nobleness as with a torpedo touch—sin which envenoms all spirituality of soul as with a serpent's sting, in the worship of wealth; in the selfish accumulation of wealth; in the selfish squandering of wealth; in the base idolatry of wealth; in the passionate desire for wealth; in the trusting in wealth; in unworthy means of acquiring wealth; in the measuring by wealth, whether in dollars or in pounds, of the worth and success of life."

A Good Family Medicine.

W. Lee Wilmoth, Top of Alleghany, W. Va., writes: I have used Ramon's Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets for the past five years in our family. I do not hesitate to say that they are the best. They are mild in action, splendid in effect, besides being pleasant to take and requiring one only at a dose. To all who are unable to pay large doctor's bills I would say, always keep a box of Ramon's Liver Pills in the house to use in case of necessity.

Biggle Berry Book, being No. 2 of the Biggle Books, is all about berries. A whole encyclopedia of berry lore, boiled down after the manner of FARM JOURNAL. Tells about varieties, about planting, growing, mulching, cultivating, picking, and marketing. It gives practical pointers from the pens of scores of leading berry growers from all parts of the country who have contributed to its columns. It has colored representations of berries true to size and color, thirty-three portraits of practical berrymen, and thirty-five other illustrations, handsomely bound in cloth. The price is 50 cents, free by mail; address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

Persons troubled with diarrhoea will be interested sn the experience of Mr W. M. Bush, clerk of Hotel Dorrance, Providence, R. I. He says: "For several years I have been almost a constant sufferer from diarrhoea, the frequent attacks completely prostrating me and rendering me unfit for my duties at this hotel. About two years ago a traveling salesman kindly gave me a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy. Much to my surprise and delight its effects were immediate. Whenever I felt symptoms of the disease I would fortify myself against the attack with a few doses of this valuable remedy. The result has been very satisfactory and almost complete relief from the affliction.

For sale by Barlow & Moore, Edray, Amos Barlow, Huntersville; D. T. McNeil, Buckeye; E. I. Holt, Academy.

"During the hot weather last summer I had a severe attack of cholera morbus, necessitating my leaving my business," says Mr C. A. Hare, of Hare Bros., Fincastle, O. "After taking two or three doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I was completely relieved and in a few hours was able to resume my work in the store. I sincerely recommend it to anyone afflicted with stomach or bowel trouble.

For sale by Barlow & Moore, Edray; A Barlow, Huntersville; D. T. McNeil, Buckeye; E. I. Holt, Academy.

THE HARRISONS.

The gypsy clan, the Harrisons, are to assemble in New Jersey. A few weeks ago about thirty wagons passed Marlinton, and a gypsy dropped in at the postoffice to inquire if there was anything there for them of the "name o' Harrison." They were doubtless on their way to the reunion. The New York Sun gives the following account of the Harrisons:

The Queen of the Harrison gypsies, with her family awaits the gathering of her people on the Netherwood road, not three miles from Plainfield, New Jersey. The Harrisons have not assembled for twenty years, and in that time they have scattered all over the continent. They travel only in gypsy way, in their own wagons, carrying all their worldly goods with them. Some of them started months ago from the Pacific slope for this meeting. Others in Delaware, Pennsylvania and New York have but just turned their horses toward Netherwood. It is expected that the gathering will be complete in two weeks.

The meeting place is the regular summer camp of the Queen, "Snake Mary," and her own immediate family. It is beside the main road, in a clump of trees on the edge of a field. A painfully prosaic roadhouse is only a few rods away. The Harrisons made no effort to secure complete privacy. They like to have visitors come. When all the families are assembled it is their purpose to rope in the encampment and charge an admission fee of 25 cents "to defray the expense which many of them have incurred in making their long journeys." The place is only 15 minutes' walk from Netherwood station, and they hope to make money out of folks who come from nearby towns.

The family now there numbers ten or eleven persons. "Snake Mary," as the outside world calls her, or "Grandma," as the family itself calls her, is known to the Harrison tribe as "the Queen." She is 94 years old. She was born in Egypt and has the brown skin and the dead black hair that characterize the people of the Pyramids. There was a newspaper photographer in the party that visited the encampment, and she wouldn't come out of the tent in which she was working if she could help it. One of her grandsons, who did not share her prejudices against the camera, pulled aside a flap of the tent, and she came out to pull it back, complaining bitterly against all photographers and their ways. The photograph was taken in the midst of her plaint. Great was the joy of the younger generation, who exchanged noisy congratulations that they had at last "got ahead of Grandma."

The members of the tribe talk with a freedom from bad grammar that is rather surprising to one who has preconceived notions that the gypsies are a shiftless and unpleasant race. Both men and women are neatly dressed and carry themselves more in the manner of city folks on an outing. Part of the Queen's lifetime was spent in visiting the regions in which the different families of the tribe roam. She was crowned anew by each family she visited. In that way her household has acquired an easy and intimate knowledge of every part of the country.

The male head of the family is James Harrison, the husband of "Snake Mary's" oldest daughter, who is about 50 years old. "King James," as the gypsies call Harrison, has the look of a keen, clear-cut American of Scotch or Irish descent. He has a son whose name is the same as his own. There are a number of children. In as much as they spend much of their time playing under wagons, they were not exactly in a state to appear on any formal occasion, such, for instance, as a Sunday school festival, but their clothes were whole. There was not a patch or a tear anywhere visable.

The elder James Harrison talked freely about the family. In this part of New Jersey, he said, and in fact, in any part of the country in which this family or any members of the Harrison tribe had spent any time, he had never observed any unfriendly spirit.

"Wherever we go," he added, "we are known and we never have any difficulty. The Harrisons have a good, clean name for themselves. There are people going around who are dishonest, malicious and a bad lot generally. They take the name of gypsies, and they cause people who have anything to do with them to think that gypsies are very bad people to have around. We never harmed anybody, and as people learn to understand that fact they are glad to see us when we come back each year. We hear the same story from all the other forty families of our tribe."

The members of the family speak to one another sometimes in English, sometimes in their own Romany tongue. Their wagons are strongly built and are bright with fresh paint. There is every evidence of family prosperity. One of the younger woman, the wife of the junior James, cheerfully undertook to tell the fortune of a visitor. She warned him in the usual way against signing a paper that was about to be presented to him, and that within a few months he was to go away on a long journey. When she took his dollar and tied it up in the corner of her apron she disclosed eight or ten other dollars which had preceded it.

Deafnes Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless this inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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For sale by Barlow & Moore, Edray; Amos Barlow, Huntersville; D. T. McNeil, Buckeye: E. I. Holt, Academy.

"'Brevity is the soul of wit.' That is the reason why I like Farm Journal. Sharp, clear and bright; it is a busy man's paper. He gets the grain without the chaff. No time wasted and he is pleased. Just keep it coming and we will like it still better, for it is a treasure in every household it visits. This is what Jos. A. Tillinghast, Director of the R. I. Experiment Station, has to say of the Farm Journal. You need it. Every new subscriber to the Pocahontas Times and those who pay up a year ahead will get it for the remainder of 1899, and all of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903. Don't wait.

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